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NO. 42.

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from our last.)

THIS eulogium, from a woman incapable of flattery, was of course, completely gratifying to my feelings, and, had not urgent business required my immediate presence at Carlisle, I certainly should have turned back again, for the pleasure of visiting my fair cousin, and witnessing that improvement which a few months had produced. As it was with a gentleman in the mercantile line I had business, upon entering the city I enquired the way to his house, well aware that a man of such eminence must be known to every person.

I was not mistaken in this opinion, for, upon enquiring of a woman who was selling apples, where Mr. Oswald resided, she replied, "At the large house, facing the end of this street: but your honour winna be in time, I con teel ye, far all the gueests be comed frae the weeding."

I easily discovered that the apple-woman was a true North Britain, from her dialect, and entering into conversation with her, I likewise discovered that Mr. Oswald's daughter had that morn-

ing been married to a greet laird of her own country, who was na prood, yet veery rich. As I approached the house I observed it to be surrounded by the populace, who were eagerly crouding round a large butt, elevated upon a stand, from which two footmen, dressed in flaming liveries, with white and silver favours in their hats, were distributing the frothy beverage amongst the multitude, who shouted out "Long live the laird of Dumfries, and his beautiful bride!"

Surely, thought I, the modest Jenthy Mackintosh could never be gratified by such public marks of vanity and ostentation as these! surely virgin modesty ought rather to shrink from, than court the public gaze, on an event of so much importance to each party's future happiness; and where there is native delicacy, however great the attachment, each must naturally feel the force of such a tie.

As the animal which I rode was rather spirited, the repeated shouts of "Long live the laird of Dumfries" set him so completely upon his mettle, that I was under the necessity of alighting, and giving the bridle to my groom. It was with difficulty I forced my way through the populace; and, not having a wedding garment on, I actually stood at the hall door several minutes, before the servants, who were running back-

wards and forwards, thought proper to answer my question, whether their master was at home.

"No business will be transacted to-day," said an impertinent puppy, whom at length I called to in an authoritative tone; "the offices are all closed; and the clerks are now entertaining a large party of their friends at the Rose."—"D——you, and the clerks too!" I exclaimed, exasperated at the fellow's impudence; "take this card up instantly to Mr. Oswald." The fellow actually looked petrified; but sneaked off with the card; and in less than a minute my friend came flying down stairs, expressing the joy he felt at seeing me, in the most flattering terms.

The fellow who had behaved with such daring insolence, looked ready to sink into the earth, and gave me a look so full of entreaty, that I did not report his behaviour to Mr. Oswald. My servant had by this time reached the door with my restive animal; I therefore stepped up to him, and desired him to take the horses to the Rose, well aware that on such an occasion my friend's house must be completely filled. Oswald, however, would not hear of this arrangement; but calling his own man, ordered the little portmanteau my groom carried before him, to be conveyed into the chintz room; he then conducted me into a small study, and informed me of what I already knew; namely, that his daughter was married to the laird of Dumfries Castle.—"It is, my friend," said he, "a match far beyond my expectation; for my son-in-law possesses landed property to the amount of eight thousand a year: in short, it is an alliance a duke might have been proud of for his daughter; but what may not beauty like my Emma's expect to obtain?"

Having made some alteration in my dress, and taken some refreshment, I was introduced by Mr. Oswald into what he termed the grand saloon, at the upper end of which sat the bride and bridegroom, surrounded by a mixed company of guests. Oswald led me up to the blooming Emma, whose loveliness even transcended a parent's partial praise; but, great God! when I turned my eyes upon the little insigni-

ficant wretch to whose wealth her charms had been sacrificed, I could with difficulty restrain either my contempt or surprise.

This little, ugly, insignificant mortal was dressed in a coat of peach colour, lined with white satin; waistcoat and small-clothes of the latter material, edged with a narrow gold binding; and his Brutus crop was so completely frizzled and elevated, that he reminded me of Riquet with the Tuft.

Is it possible, thought I, that parents can be so lost to feeling as to sacrifice their offspring on the altar of Plutus? or how could a man of sense, like Oswald, suppose it possible for any woman to feel an attachment to such an uncouth little wretch? When this little laird moved, it was with the motion of a puppet: in fact, I am persuaded he was laced up in long stays, and that nature had formed him as crooked as a ram's horn, only that by bolsters and pads the deformity was in part concealed. His legs were completely bandy, and his knees inverted: in short, take him altogether, I never before beheld such a contemptible little imp. He hopped about the room like a bird from different branches, grinning or laughing at every thing he said; then skipping towards his bride, and making a thousand grimaces before her, such as falling upon his knees, and vowing eternal obedience.

These antics seemed to amuse all the company, except the ill-fated being to whom they were addressed; who was evidently shocked at his folly; and instead of affection, felt towards him a mixture of hatred and contempt. At length, the animal started from one of his prostrate positions, and skipped towards the bell, which pulling with an air of violence, he desired the servant to tell Du Bois to bring his *redicule*. The Frenchman entered immediately with an embroidered white satin bag, which appeared to be extremely weighty, and which the little laird receiving, intreated his bride to come and see some fun: then throwing open the window, he began distributing shillings and sixpences, and half-crowns, amongst the populace, crying to them not to fail get-

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ting tipsey in toasting the bride's health. This mark of folly the little animal doubtless considered would be received as a compliment to the bride; and, in truth the greatest part of the company applauded this mark of, what they termed, condescension; though, for my part, I would have flogged a boy of ten years old, for being guilty of such a piece of folly.

This rational amusement being ended by the total emptying of the *redicule*, Mr. Oswald enquired whether the company would like to walk into his newly built billiard room; which proposal being universally applauded, I offered to conduct the bride down stairs.

"After this day," said the little hop-on-my thumb, "you shall have the honour of conducting Lady Dumfries; for, as I must not be an unfashionable husband, I know I must then resign my claim." So saying, he seized the hand of the lovely Emma, and led her down stairs. A natural passion for billiards, however, (if such a mortal could possess any passions,) induced him to quit his blooming bride; when drawing a chair close to her, I began a conversation upon general topics; but, at length, enquired whether she intended remaining long at Carlisle.

"If it depended upon myself, I should never quit it;" replied the blushing Emma, with a sigh; "but I believe every thing is arranged for our departure to-morrow morning; a circumstance which gives me the most heart-felt pain; for since the hour of my existence I never was separate from my family."

"Oh, but you must place yourself in the situation of the fair Andromecha;" said I. "yet, whilst my Hector still survives, I see my father, mother, brethren—all in thee!"

"No, no; that is impossible; there is not the slightest parallel between Andromecha's and my situation! She had married the man of her affections; I, the object of my parent's choice! But, good God, what have I said?" continued she, gazing upon me with a look never to be forgotten. "Nothing more than what I know," I replied, "but rest assured, my dear madam, your se-

cret is sacred; yet, if you value your own happiness, in future, be more upon your guard; I alone am to blame, for drawing a comparison where I was persuaded none existed."

It was with the greatest difficulty this too feeling-minded young woman restrained her tears; and I really found myself deeply affected by witnessing the sacrifice she had made. Some of the company fortunately joined us, and the conversation became general, until we were summoned into the dining-parlour, where we all sat down to a most sumptuous repast. Being the greatest stanger, I was placed next the bride, a circumstance which gave me a mixture of pleasure and pain; as it afforded me an opportunity of forming a clearer judgment of the sacrifice she had made.

What the apple-woman had termed want of pride, appeared to me the excess of folly; for the idiot even condescended to joke with the servants, for upon calling for the tenth glass of wine whilst at dinner, the footman carried him an empty glass. "He! he! he!" tittered out the blockhead. "What William, do you think I have drank enough? Faith 'tis no bad hit; is it, my dearest Emma?"

"I should consider it a very great presumption in any servant who dared to give a hint to you, my lord;" replied Emma, evidently disconcerted by the folly of the man, whose name she was destined to bear.

The ladies retired after the health of the bride and bride-groom had been drank with three cheers; and taking an uncommon interest in the fate of lovely Emma, I drew my seat close to that of her insignificant lord, and perceiving him swallowing large goblets of Burgundy, "For heaven's sake, do not drink so much wine, my lord! Think what will be the sensations of the lovely creature you have married, should she behold you in a state of intoxication," said I, in a whisper, and, at the same time, preventing him from filling his glass.

(To be continued.)

He who would have trouble in this world, let him get either a ship, or a wife

FEMALE PROSTITUTION

"Virtue, dear friend, needs no defence ;
The surest ground is Innocence :
None knew, till Guilt created Fear,
What darts or poison'd arrows were." HOR.

"Unhappy Sex! whose beauty is your
snare ;
Expos'd to trials, made too frail to bear." DRYDEN.

It must be inexpressibly painful to the feelings of sensibility, to behold the many unhappy outcasts of society—or, rather, these truly unfortunate women, who, either from an erroneous or bad education, the seducing influences of vicious men, or the kindness of parents, lead a life of sin and disgrace, a prey to every intellectual agony, and every bitter, corroding reflection. No eye pities them; no hand is stretched forth to relieve them! The seducing vivacity and specious adulation of the sensual and impious, contribute to their bane and infelicity. Exposed to the mockery and vile arts of the immoral and licentious, and immersed in riot, debauch, and every guilty pleasure, they are insensibly involved in scenes of the most flagrant folly and ruinous consequences. Deplorable are their lives, and manifold are their sufferings; and yet many worthless and arrogant men are there in the world, both young and old, to their eternal scandal be it spoken! who try every alluring art to confirm them in a continued course of depravity!

How unspeakably chagrined would the children of libertinism be, did they constantly meet with the reproofs which Clitander received from one of those unhappy girls. Clitander was a youth who had been seduced from the paths of virtue by the gay and thoughtless, and exulted in every vicious pleasure of sensuality and dishonor. Immersed in every vice of disrepute and prodigality, he was ever ready to accompany his choice through ruinous associates, to whatever haunt of debauchery their probing inquiries might lead them to suggest. It happened, however, that he one evening prepared alone to see the incognito of his depraved affections; but what was his astonishment when, instead of finding it all compliance, he

experienced the coldest looks, and the most stern indifference! He entered her apartment with alacrity, and all the gaily imaginable, when she suddenly demanded his business; "Pleasure, Madam!" at the same time taking hold of her hand: this was but a temporary satisfaction: and, in a serious manner she thus addressed him—

"I presume, Sir, by your appearance, that you are a gentleman, and consequently may make pretensions to be a man of sense, honor, sentiment, integrity, and education; but let me ask you, Sir, what pleasure you ever tasted, or can possibly expect, in the arms of a prostitute? You are indisputably aware that I am so unhappy as to be of this wretched description: why, therefore, are you anxious to make me still farther miserable? Can you reasonably imagine that I covet your false smiles, and empty applause? No, Sir, be assured that I hate you, and all your sex, for the sake of him who first deceived and ruined me. The sweets of innocence, the satisfaction of mental pleasures, and the comforts of virtuous society, are fled forever! But is that any reason why you should endeavour to confer any additional weight of grief upon me? Reflect on your misconduct and my misfortunes, Sir; and learn, henceforth, to adhere with more scrupulous exactness to the character which at present you so unworthy and fallaciously profess!"

It were needless, perhaps, to remark, what effect this reproof had on the mind of Clitander: suffice it to say that he acknowledged his guilt, and testified in the strongest terms his happiness in meeting with so just and deserving a check, which he never expected to have received from a WOMAN OF PLEASURE; and expressed his sincere and firm determination to quit his vicious associates, and leave off his dissipated pursuits. Heaven grant, that those who are still unhappily attached to such base and guilty pleasures, MAY GO AND DO LIKEWISE.

He who has good health is young,
and he is rich who owes nothing.

CURIOUS TRIAL.

[From a late London Paper.]

SUSAN NICHOLS was indicted for an assault on George Nichols on the 2d day of Dec. last. The prosecutor stated that he was grave-digger of the parish, and had also the misfortune to be husband to the defendant, who was a most violent termagant, and whose temper did not all agree with his peaceable pursuits. On the day mentioned in the indictment, he was particularly occupied in preparing a snug grave for one of his neighbors, and little dreaming of any one coming to disturb him, when he was interrupted in the midst of his work by his wife, who had been separated from him for some days. She came to the church yard to him, and forgetting the reverence due to the place, and to him as her lord and master, abused him in the most violent manner, and went so far as to assault him, by seizing him by the collar and attempting to choak him; he however disengaged himself, and finding that he had no chance, attempted to retreat, but she pursued and beat him till a person came to his assistance and released him from her grasp.

The prosecutor called a witness in support of this statement, but he did not see the beginning of the fray.

The Defendant did not deny the statement of the Prosecutor, but said he committed the first assault, he had treated her, she said, with great cruelty, but owing to the love she bore him (she was sure she loved one hair of his head better than he did her whole person) she has borne his bad treatment for a long time, till at last he turned her out of doors, and took another woman to supply her place. This she could not put up with, and considering the churchyard a good place to make the attempt in, she went there to try if she could touch his conscience if not his heart. Before her argument had taken effect, however, he applied a rope's end in no very gentle manner, to her head and shoulders; provoked by this treatment she certainly did attack and finally vanquished him in the manner described.

The Prosecutor said he only used

the rope in his own defence, and as to his housekeeper she was upwards of 68 years of age, a woman of character, and one who, he could assure the court, was too virtuous to allow of any improper familiarities from any man.

After a learned and eloquent summing up from the Recorder, the Jury feeling convinced that the original assault with the rope was made by the Prosecutor, acquitted the Defendant.

CLERICAL JOKE.

A CLERGYMAN in England, who had long farmed his *tythes* alternately among his parishioners, began at last to suspect that the rogues endeavored to make the income of his small living still less, and so determined this year at least to take his *tythes in kind*. "*To cheat the parson,*" is one of the oldest jokes in the history of agriculture, and stands on the same authority with the *wittier malice* of *distressing* him. These gentlemen, determined not to be behind hand with their predecessors; in the last harvest, sent for the parson to take away his *hay* the moment it was cut down, alledging, that as soon as it was cut into *swathes*, it was no longer grass, and that he might *turn it and cock it himself*.

Rather than "go to law" the parson submitted, and took his next Sunday's text on *brotherly kindness* beginning thus—"Brotherly kindness may be divided into *three* parts—domestic affection—social love, and charity; from all which inferences may be drawn for instruction. Brethren, I give you a sermon in *swathes*, *you may turn it and cock it yourselves*." The plan succeeded; his parishioners doubled the income, acknowledging it even then less than it should be; thus what *justice* and *law* might have kept from him for years, was given up to a *clerical joke*.

ARABIC PROVERB.

Why are you displeased at the words of one who advises with sincerity: since such a person mends your torn cloaths? Here it is observed, that *mending what is torn*, is applied, in a figurative sense, to the ill condition of the mind.

PLEASURE.

What is pleasure? Is it to revel in all the luxuries riches can procure? Is it to have thousands at our command, and kingdoms subject to our will? Is it to mingle with the busy crowd in quest of wealth, or to join with the votaries of fashion, and bow the knee to elegance and beauty, bedecked with the tinsel of ornament and giddy with adulation and flattery? The heart will answer—"this is not pleasure." Satiated with those trifling enjoyments, in which the best emotions of the mind, the noblest virtues of the soul, can bear no part, we are continually roving in search of something, unattained, and as the objects of that search are ever worthless, because below the dignity of a rational being, disappointment mocks each hope, and happiness eludes the eager grasp.

Is it then found in courts where the smooth tongue of deceit, with honied accents, proffers friendship; and while one hand is extended to embrace the unsuspecting victim, the other grasps a dagger for his destruction? Or is it what the wild enthusiast terms love, which could "live on a look, and banquet on a smile;" which, discarding the sober influence of reason, is founded entirely upon the delusions of the imagination, and vainly thinks perfection dwells on earth. But beauty is a lower, fragile as it is lovely, transient as the mists of morning, which vanish before the mid day sun. When therefore this charm of an hour disappears, hey, who looked not at the superior beauties of the mind, turn with disgust from the face that is no longer fair.

Where then is pleasure to be found? It is in soothing the sorrows of the afflicted; in "feeding the hungry, clothing the naked," and teaching joy and gladness to illumine the pale countenance of affliction, that we are to seek for happiness. The tear of gratitude, the look more eloquent than a thousand words, which speaks the thankfulness of the heart, are more to be praised than the wealth of Indies, and afford a satisfaction far superior to all that pomp and power can produce.

LONGEVITY IN RUSSIA.

The Boston Centinel says so much has been stated of the longevity of persons in Russia, that many have doubted if their years of reckoning were quite so long as ours:—But we have seen an official table, published in Russia, of the death of persons belonging to the Greek Church, in the year 1813, which gives the following extraordinary results. Of 971,358 persons who died that year, one was 165 years old, three 135 years, one 130, fifteen 125, thirty three from 115 to 120, fifty-three from 110 to 115, one hundred and twenty-seven from 105 to 110, five hundred and twenty-seven from 100 to 105, about fourteen hundred from 95 to 100, two thousand eight hundred and forty-nine from 90 to 95, and four-thousand four hundred and fifty-one from 85 to 90 years!

A NAME LOST, WORSE GOT.

A tradesman whose name was Penny, sued a poor customer for a small debt with a rigour for which all who knew him, highly blamed him. He recovered the debt, but upon comparing his receipt with his expenditure, found that he was just *one penny* out of pocket. This he told to a neighbour, who answered that he need not fret himself, for he had by this business *lost* no more than a *very bad name*. "True," said a second Job's comforter, "but he has *got the name* of being a *very bad man*."

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

Happiness and Virtue are twins, which can never be divided; they are born and flourish, or sicken and die together.—They are joint offsprings of good-sense and innocence, and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE MEN HAPPY.

We search after three things, honor, riches and repose. He who lives retired from the world gains honor; he who is contented with what he has is rich; he who despises the world, and does not occupy himself with it, will find repose.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

The following lines were written on hearing the news of PEACE, brought from England, on Saturday last, by the British Sloop of War Favourite, Hon. J. U. Mowatt, Commander.

PEACE.

Soft Peace again COLUMBIA's land has bless'd,
And the broad faultchion in its scabbard rests ;
No more shall warriors seek the bloody fray,
Nor saken banners o'er their helmets play.

From Main to Georgia now the news shall go
And grateful thousands feel retiring woe ;
On every shore in every hamlet debar,
The dear sweet sound shall bless the listening ear.

The painted savage, fear'd at every leaf,
Shall sink his hatchet in the earth beneath :
His horrid yells no more shall rend the air :
Nor fright the widow wrapp'd in gloomy care.

No more shall crackling faggots fire the grain,
Nor labouring peasants ply their hands in vain ;
In vain shall not kind Ceres spread her dews,
But where she spreads them, shall sweet hope infuse.

The harmless villager no more shall dread,
To lay the pillow to his aching head ;
No more his wife, and little ones, shall fear
The redden'd monster, hid in woods that's near.

The pledges of his love shall cease to dream
They see the savage and his weapons gleam ;
But Morpheus now his kindest influence sheds
And guardian angels hover o'er their beds.

In Artic climes no more shall hamlets burn,
But the fierce warrior to his home return ;
Sweet Peace shall soothe his cares—time heal
his wounds.

And joy shall meet him in the festive rounds.
When to their homes our heroes have return'd,
Who've in the battle's conflict honors earn'd,
A nation's gratitude shall fan the gale,
Their country's blessings shall their ears assail.

Now fierce Bellona for her brother sends,
And thus addresses him while Mars attends,
" O'er bloody fields no more shall you preside,
No more take pleasure in the battle's tide.

No more shall countless thousands sport with
breath,

Nor hurl the swift wing'd messenger of death.
Your sun is set on fair Columbia's shore,
She needs your presence, and your aid no
more ;

Therefore depart, and quickly leave the strand
And bid adieu to fair Columbia's land."

Mars nods assent, and soon departs with haste,
In wild disorder o'er the trackles waste ;
Soon, soon the chariot does its speed increase,
And leaves Columbia once again in Peace.

Now let us not forget the Patriot's wreath,
Whose love of country seal'd their eyes in
death :

Let not Ingratitude's black vice so stain
The dear bought country of our heroes slain.

In after ages their fair names shall bloom,
While Pike & Davies grace the heroes' tomb ;
Their names, inscrib'd on honor's sacred rolls,
Shall go from east to west, from pole to pole.

Our naval heroes splendid actions claim,
A never-fading wreath—a deathless name.
Britania's haughty sons no more will say
We shrink'd from combat on the trackless
way.

Bainbridge, Decatur, Hull, and Jones, have
shown,
What Britain's haughty sons are loath to own,
That Yankee tars, well train'd, by Yankees
led,

Can meet the ocean's mistress without dread,

Nay more than this—can eagerly pursue,
And in an equal contest can subdue.
Europe astonish'd hears the pleasing tale,
And England's lion does the truth bewail.

On Erie's waters hostile squadrons meet,
While naval thunder wakes the lone retreat ;
Hard is the fight, each foeman does his best
Till smiling victory lights on Perry's crest.

Champlain ! thy lake remembered oft shall be
When future bards shall sing of victory :
Macdonough's name the historic page shall tell
And the loud trumpet with his fame shall
swell.

Perry ! Macdonough ! great in naval fight,
Shall oft some future hero's pride excite ;
And when engaged to shield his land from
harm,

Their bright example shall his bosom warm.

Enough ! 'tis done, the battle's strife doth
cease,

Behold once more the Olive-Branch of Peace :
Long may its beams our bleeding country bless
And the dear blessing may we long caress.

In tears of gratitude—with holy joy,
To God let's offer praise without alloy ;
Before His throne with sacred reverence bend,
And prayer, and praises offer without end.

R. E. M.

Sunday morning, Feb. 12, 1815.

SONG.

From the Lady of the Lake.

SOLDIER ! rest ; thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dawning!

**Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more ;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
 No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor Pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
 At the day-break from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steeds neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadron's stamping.**

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 18, 1815.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

On Saturday evening last (the 11th) our city resounded with the "Glad Tidings," of Peace, brought by Henry Carroll, esq. secretary to the American Legation at Ghent ; where the Treaty was signed the 24th Dec. and afterwards ratified by the Prince Regent. Mr. Carroll came in the British Sloop of War Favorite, in 42 days from England ; and immediately went on to Washington, to lay the Treaty before the President. Never were the feelings of humanity more sincerely and clearly expressed on any occasion ; nor has any event occurred in the country more deserving our thanks to the Almighty, in once more restoring us the blessings of Peace and better times.

The news by the above arrival is that the Congress at Vienna was still in session, and appearances from what had transpired, indicated new jealousies and more troubles at hand in Europe, about the division of the spoil of countries. England, by the last accounts, it is said was fitting out 17 sail of the line, and the accounts from Spain look like the eve of a civil war to dethrone the priestrid Ferdinand.

The latest accounts from New-Orleans to the 20th Jan. says, the enemy made a precipitate retreat from the banks of the Mississippi on the night of the 18th, after having been a month within 5 miles of New-Orleans, and left on the ground 14 pieces of heavy cannon, their equipments, immense number of balls, and 80 of his wounded under medical assistance. It appears the fleet had bombarded Fort St. Philip for 8 or 9 days previous from 13 inch mortars, without effect.

Gen. Jackson's official letter says, the enemy's loss in the different affairs, must have exceeded 4000 men, and that they left on the ground in the last battle 1000 stand of arms.

The report of the killed, wounded and missing of Gen Jackson's army, in all the different actions on the Mississippi makes his loss in

Killed	55
Wounded	185
Missing	93

Total, 233

A report is brought from the Southward, that gen. McIntosh met about 300 Indians, under col Woodbine, making for Mobile, and that he had attacked, and cut them to pieces, giving no quarters.

It is said that the enemy has left St. Mary's after plundering the place, and returned to Cumberland Island.

Yesterday gen. Boyd received by express, a Circular from the Secretary of War, announcing to the army, a cessation of hostilities between our troops and those of Great Britain. The treaty, ratified by the President, is now hourly expected.

The National Intelligencer of Wednesday last announces the reception of the treaty of peace by the secretary of state, who immediately submitted it to the president. The treaty is thought, in all respects, to be honorable to the nation, and to the negotiators. The general principle of it, the Intelligencer informs us, is "a restitution and recognition of the rights and possessions of each party, as they stood before the war ; with adequate provisions to settle all disputed points of boundary, by commissioners, subject to the decision of an amicable sovereign, in case the commissioners do not agree in opinion."—Col.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

Lieut. William Mervine, of the U.S. Navy, to Miss Amanda Maria Crane.

John Marshall, to Miss Charlotte McKibbin

By the rev. John X. Clark, Mr. Alexander Bremner, to Miss D. B. White, daughter of Mr. Henry White, all of this city,

By the rev. Mr. Phoebus, Mr. William A. Knapp, to Miss Catherine Smith.

Obituary.

DIED.

Suddenly, Jacob Le Roy, esq. an eminent merchant.

James Brown, formerly of Newark.

James Park.

Mr. Godfrey Berry, aged 35.

Mr. Henry Cutler, of Con knocked overboard by the boom, in coming up from the narrows, and drowned.

At Bloomingdale, Mr. Abel Hardenbrook, aged 83.

At Brooklyn, Mrs. Eliza Giraud, aged 20.